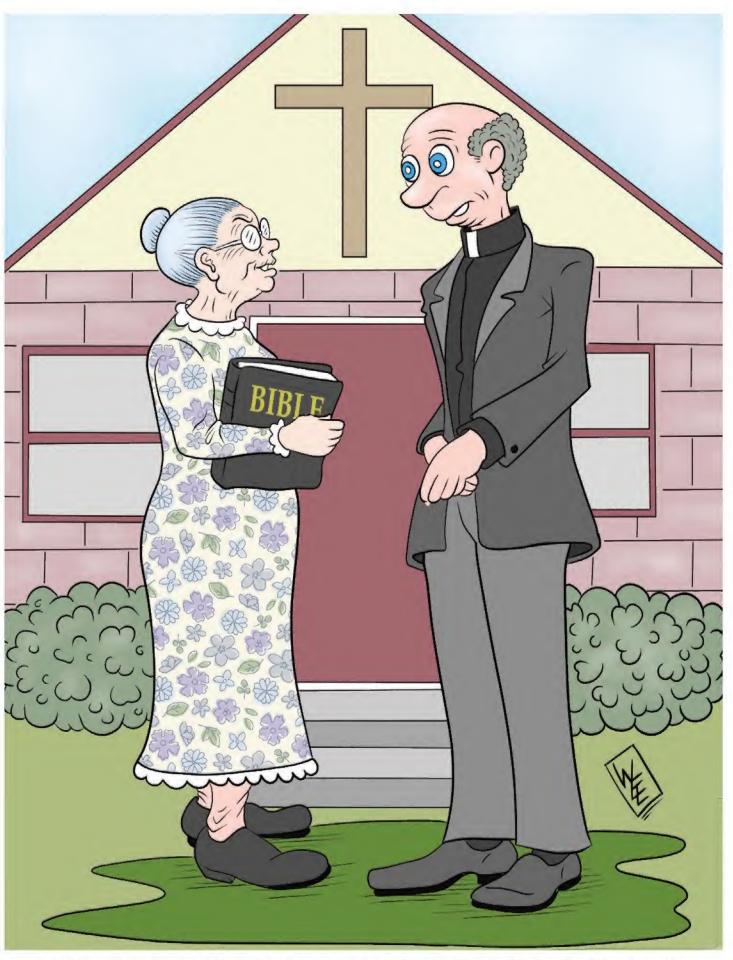






THE FACE OF VOTER FRAUD IN AMERICA

DISCLAIMER: HUSTLER SATIRE. THIS IS NOT A REAL AD. IT IS A COMMENTARY ON OUR PRESIDENT'S LUDICROUS FABRICATIONS. AS THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY ASSUMES THE MAJORITY IN THE HOUSE, TRUMP HAS RAMPED UP THE RHETORIC WITH LAME, INANE, BASELESS CLAIMS OF VOTER FRAUD. "THE REPUBLICANS DON'T WIN, AND THAT'S BECAUSE OF POTENTIALLY ILLEGAL VOTES," HE RECENTLY SAID IN AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DAILY CALLER, A CONSERVATIVE NEWS AND OPINION SITE. "WHEN PEOPLE GET IN LINE THAT HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO RIGHT TO VOTE AND THEY GO AROUND IN CIRCLES. SOMETIMES THEY GO TO THEIR CAR, PUT ON A DIFFERENT HAT, PUT ON A DIFFERENT SHIRT, COME IN AND VOTE AGAIN. NOBODY TAKES ANYTHING. IT'S REALLY A DISGRACE WHAT'S GOING ON." THIS SATIRICAL AD MAY BE REPRODUCED IN PUBLICATIONS AND ON THE INTERNET, BUT ONLY IN ITS ENTIRETY AND WITHOUT MODIFICATION OR ALTERATION OF ANY KIND FOR NONPROFIT AND NONCOMMERCIAL PURPOSES, WITHOUT FURTHER PERMISSION OF HUSTLER MAGAZINE OR LFP PUBLISHING GROUP, LLC.



"I do not spew profanities. I enunciate them clearly, like a fucking lady!"

APRIL 2019 Volume 45 Number 12 HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM



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HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 45, No. 12, April 2019. The U.S. edition of HUSTLER is published monthly and twice in July by LEP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverty Hills, CA 90211. Copyright © 2019 LEP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LEP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to HUSTLER will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to HUSTLER's right to edit and comment editionally. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

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The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is January 22, 2019.

Cover photo by Tammy Sands
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM



CAN TRUMPISM SURVIVE WITHOUT TRUMP?

undits and prognosticators are now saying that even if Trump is defeated in 2020—or impeached before then—it won't necessarily be the end of Trumpism. While dog-whistling racism and pandering to the lowest common denominator certainly helped get him elected, that's not the whole story. The steady decline in the standard of living for working-class Americans of all stripes, especially in the Rust Belt states, is the toxic soil that nourished Trump and the whole alt-right movement supporting him.

Many of the folks who had previously voted for Obama tipped the last election to Trump, not because they agreed with his racism, sexism and xenophobia—they were just desperate for some kind of salvation, and the Democrats under the Clinton wing of the party didn't offer it. To the average underemployed Joe in Pittsburgh, the soaring costs of living affected his life more directly than any other issue.

Ever since Reagan, American productivity has increased, but wages have flatlined. Meanwhile the costs of housing, education, medical care and the other essentials of life have continued to skyrocket out of sight. Thousands of good manufacturing jobs have been exported overseas by free trade agreements. The pathetic federal minimum wage hasn't been raised since 2009—in fact, adjusted for inflation, it buys less than it did in 1968. And hundreds of small and large businesses alike are being wiped out by Amazon, Google and other tech giants.

Far too friendly with Wall Street, the Democrats have largely been

AWOL on the core economic issues of the last decade. As Robert Reich, Elizabeth Warren and many other true progressives argue, it is crucial that the party be reformed and recover its New Deal roots. Reinforcing the Sherman Antitrust Act and reinstating the Glass-Steagall Act would be good starts. If we can't recover those tried-and-true Democratic traditions, ditched for no good reason, then how can we ever move forward? Progressives like Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez support a Green New Deal: an economic stimulus program that invests in renewable energy infrastructure, providing thousands of new jobs while seriously addressing climate change.

Democrats beholden to their corporate campaign contributors must stop marginalizing the true progressives in the party—or we may see more bloviating morons like Trump succeed. Neo-Nazi groups are flourishing now. Racist organizations and hate crimes are on the rise. If leading Democrats don't stop catering to the oligarchs who put them in office and get behind grassroots reform, more competent demagogues than Trump could ride this wave of working-class frustration to power in state and national elections.

Lang Thyor

Larry Flynt Publisher



President Donald J. Trump's second term.

OUTSMARTING CAPITALISM?

THANKS TO ITS BUSINESS SAVVY, COMMUNIST CHINA IS SHOWING THE PREZ AND THE WORLD HOW TO MAKE A NATION GREAT AGAIN.

ever hustle a hustler" is a street-smart dictum you would think President Donald Trump would have embraced long before launching his trade war with the People's Republic of China. Maybe he was fooled by the Communist label that the leaders in Beijing still apply to their government, but the head honcho of the Trump franchise ought to know better than anyone that branding is a game of deception. In reality, China's Commies are proving to be the most gifted capitalist swindlers in human history, and squaring off with Trump, they're holding unbeatable cards.

As hard as it is to fathom, American businesses and their Western European counterparts have become largely incompetent players in a ruthless but still indispensable endeavor: exploiting labor and resources to manufacture products that consumers are willing to pay for at a price calculated to generate a profit.

U.S. and Western European companies continue to be adept at designing, packaging, advertising and servicing their products. However, the nuts and bolts of assembling those products—with or without automation—has primarily been moved to developing countries.

Way ahead in this paradigm shift, thanks to its ability to mobilize the requisite labor and resources, is the People's Republic of China. That's why almost everything we Americans use, wear and lust for these days has a significant "Made in China" component. Meanwhile the Sino-U.S. trade gap keeps widening perilously for the United States.

Now, you can curse this disturbing reality and blame it on unfair trading practices, but there are other factors to consider. First and foremost, China is faring so well because it is hustling just like every prosperous capitalist country.

Trump's accusation that China is manipulating its currency to counter America's tariffs is a joke. Doesn't he know that once the United States abandoned the gold standard in 1971, it got the rest of the world to accept the U.S. dollar as the global currency in international transactions?

Besides, complaints will always ring odd when they emanate from the planet's fattest, richest, high-profit nation, which became so great—as Trump's most successful personal businesses have demonstrated—by managing to benefit immensely from the sweat of others.

Nor is Trump the Entrepreneur alone. After all, what is Apple or almost any other large tech company about except profiting off the disci-

plined, nonunionized industrial workplaces of China, where the air is often unbelievably polluted, while execs and employees on this side of the Pacific enjoy the good life in places like California's Silicon Valley? Even some of our country's colleges and universities are being kept afloat by the flood of students from mainland China, eager to take home some made-in-America, snake-oil-salesman marketing wisdom.

China's stupendous success is one of the truly bright spots in this sorry-assed world of ours. A half century ago, when I was a graduate fellow at the University of California, Berkeley's Center for Chinese Studies, most scholars in the field predicted that the Chinese people could never escape the famine and poverty presumed to be their permanent fate. The then-population of 600 million was already severely straining the country's exhausted landmass and lack of significant petroleum deposits. Well, guess again.

Since reforms instituted in the 1970s and '80s, China's astonishing economic boom has lifted by far the largest number of people in history out of abysmal poverty. The population has

now soared to roughly 1.4 billion, the country is content to import most of its crude oil, and there isn't a darn thing that Donald Trump can do to stop what has grown into the world's second-largest economy.

Trump, in his hard heart of hearts, knows that. He is, after all, nothing if not a supersalesman, and he no doubt recognizes that China is an ultralucrative market.

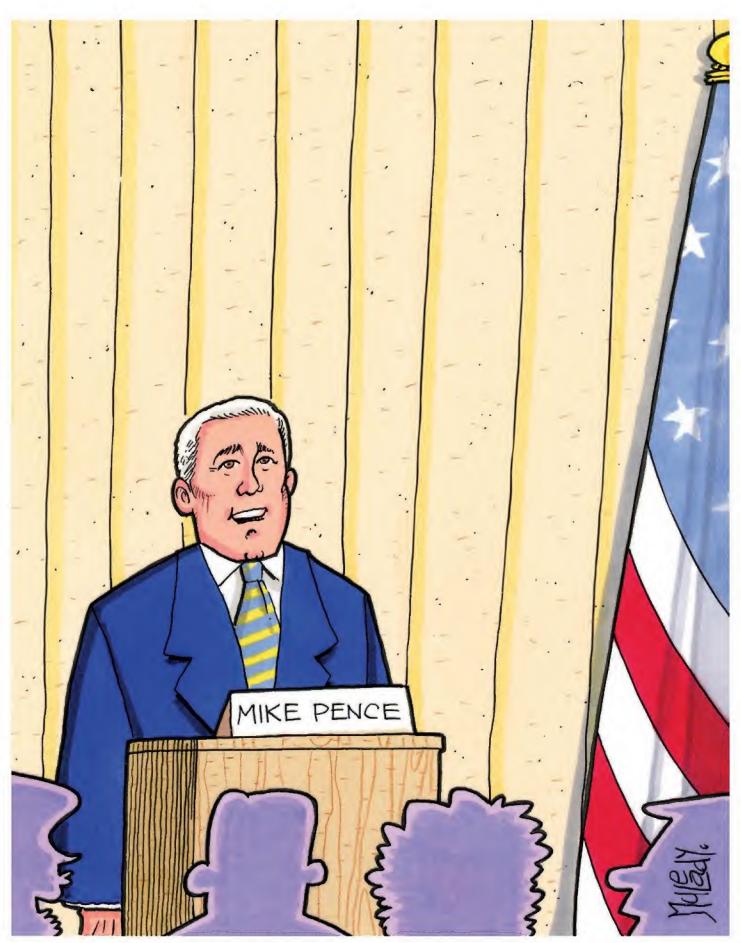
Give the Donald credit for making a lot of noise and maybe getting a few breaks for American trade in the short term. But he knows damn well that a salesman has to go where the buyers are, and it isn't a county fair in rural Minnesota. Nor in resource-rich but inhospitable Siberia, although the Chinese are already cutting lots of deals with Russian leader Vladimir Putin for that region's bountiful minerals and oil.

Billionaires need customers in the billions, and China and India can certainly provide them. That's where the smart money, including the Trump family's investments, will be going.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a Los Angeles Times columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.



"Pledge 'One Nation *Under God'*! Say it, you little Commie, atheist bastard!"



"President Trump is a wonderful human being. I've never sucked a better man's dick."

DEMOCRACY STRIKES BACK

DESPITE A STACKED DECK AND UPHILL CLIMB, VOTERS IN 2018 BEGAN ROLLING BACK THE TRUMP/RIGHT-WING NIGHTMARE.

Well, it wasn't a blue wave after all. It was, in fact, a blue *tsunami* last November, although you could be forgiven if you didn't notice. Some key 2018 midterm election results were initially misreported by many in the corporate media, chomping at the bit to propagate a false narrative of Democratic Party failure.

Take New York Times columnist Bret Stephens. The day after a record midterm turnout by U.S. voters—and unprecedented gains for Democrats—he misleadingly dismissed what happened. "The 28-seat swing that gave Democrats control of the House [of Representatives] wasn't even half the 63 seats Republicans won in 2010," the newspaper's Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist sniffed. He clamored that the Dems' House pickups and what had been, at the time, a single seat gain for the GOP in the U.S. Senate "underscores what a non-wave election this was."

Stephens was wrong. Like many other well-paid mainstream pundits, he apparently couldn't wait until, ya know, all the votes were actually tallied.

In fact, Democrats didn't orchestrate a "28-seat swing" in the House. They had a record 40-seat swing as this issue goes to press. (They may pick up one or two more thanks to suspected GOP election fraud in North Carolina and a Florida Republican's admitted election finance crimes.)

Recall the 2006 midterm "thumping," as President George W. Bush described it at the time. On the heels of his disastrous Iraq war and catastrophic handling of Hurricane Katrina, Dems swept back into power in the U.S. House in a blue wave, picking up 31 seats. In 2018 it was at least 40!

It's also worth noting that the 31-seat pickup in 2006 was *prior* to the extreme partisan gerrymandering in many GOP-controlled states following the 2010 census. For example, in evenly divided battleground states like Ohio in 2018, Republicans prevented any Democratic pickups, retaining their 12-to-4 advantage in Ohio's U.S. House seats. Despite winning just 52% of the votes, Republicans will hold 75% of those seats.

Gerrymandering held off the national blue tsunami In North Carolina by limiting Democrats to just three of the state's 13 House seats, while GOPers won only 2% more popular votes than Democrats. In GOP-gerrymandered Michigan, which Donald Trump carried in 2016, Dems took every statewide contest and outvoted Republicans by almost 8% in House races in 2018; yet each party will have seven House seats in 2019.

At the state legislative level it was even more absurdly unbalanced due to gamed GOP maps. Dems received 54% of votes for State Assembly

members in Wisconsin, but took just one-third of its seats for 2019, even while winning every single statewide race from governor to secretary of state.

Imagine what we might have seen on a level voting field in 2018 if the GOP's stolen U.S. Supreme Court hadn't "punted." It decided that the lower federal courts involved should reconsider their rulings that electoral maps had been unconstitutionally redistricted in Republican-controlled North Carolina and Wisconsin.

Voters favored Democrats in record numbers in 2018. In House races, Democratic candidates received more than 60 million votes. "That is a **crazy** number," data guru Nate Silver of Five-ThirtyEight tweeted. Republicans, he also pointed out, garnered only 45 million votes when they took over the House in their 2010 red wave that Stephens found so impressive. Then-President Barack Obama labeled it a "shellacking."

Sixty million votes is akin to "what recent GOP *Presidential* candidates received," Silver noted in another tweet, citing Trump's 63 million, Mitt Romney's 61 million in 2012 and John McCain's just under 60 million in 2008. That's right. Democrats racked up more votes in U.S. House races in 2018 than GOP Presidential candidate McCain. Mind you, voter turnout in midterm elections is usually about two-thirds that of Presidential elections at best. A "non-wave election"? Really?

NBC News waited nearly a month after Election Day to acknowledge 2018's historic proportions: "Democrats won the House with the largest margin of victory in a midterm election for either party," shattering the previous record margin in 1974. That occurred, NBC explained, "just months after President Richard Nixon resigned from office in disgrace amid the Watergate scandal."

In California, Democrats flipped seven House seats from red to blue, including every single one in GOP fortress Orange County—Nixon's birth-place. They now control 46 of the state's 53 seats, based on a map drawn by an independent, non-partisan commission.

Yes, Republicans ultimately gained two seats in the U.S. Senate, but Democrats had to defend ten seats in states won by Trump in 2016, whereas Republicans only had to defend a single seat in a state won by Hillary Clinton. Still, Dems managed to flip previously GOP Senate seats in Arizona and Nevada. Surprisingly they also held on to a Senate seat in Montana, where Trump won by more than 20 percentage points and campaigned in person four times for the Republican candidate.

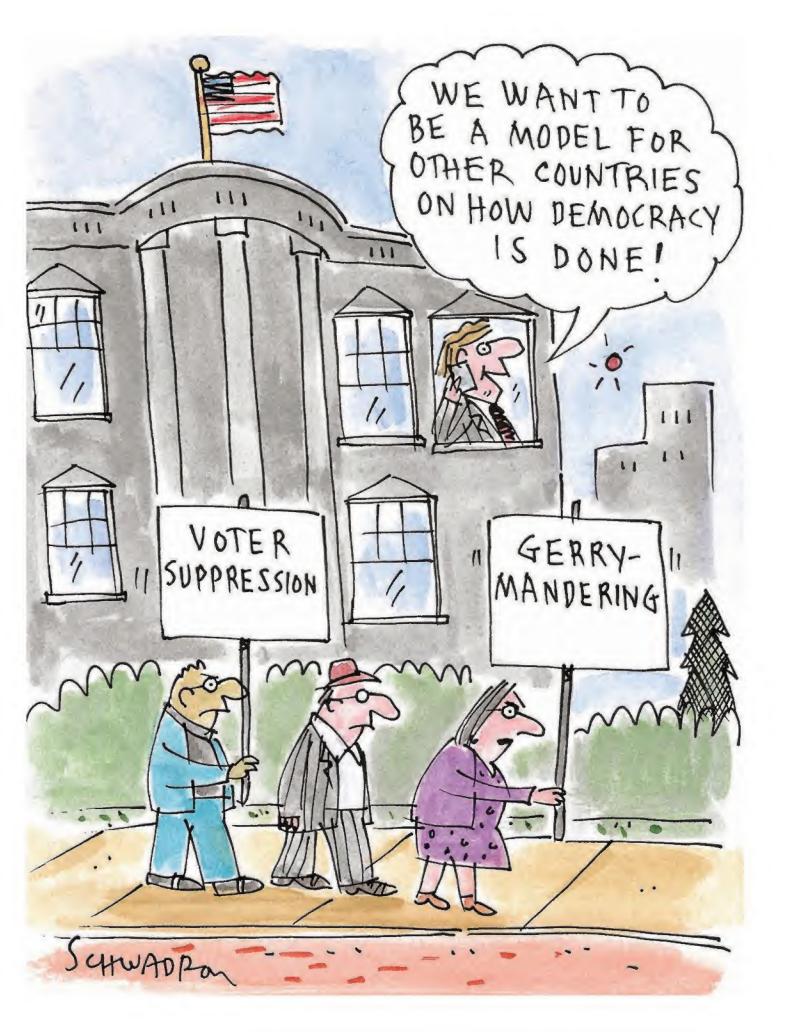
Besides their monumental House gains, Democrats ousted seven GOP governors (even in deep red Kansas!) and took back more than 300 state legislative seats. Meanwhile, the Dems had to face blatant voter suppression tactics not seen in some places since the Jim Crow era thanks to the Supreme Court's 2013 gutting of the Voting Rights Act.

Voters delivered Trump and his Republicans a resounding rebuke in 2018, whether the main-stream corporate media noticed or not. Next stop: 2020. Democracy's not dead yet. Surf's up.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).



"Those undocumented immigrants think they can just march right in!"



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

t's finally dawning on more and more Americans, even die-hard Trump supporters, that the Donald's administration is nothing more than a nonstop reality-TV show modeled exactly after the big hit that made him famous.

The Apprentice Live is now governing the whole nation. In two years Trump has overseen a record-setting 65% White House staff turnover, with department heads and subordinates alike fired—or quitting once they've suffered enough stupidity, ignorance and megalomania. The main requirement for job security? Kissing the boss's big, bloated ass with slavish sincerity.

Pushed out last March, Secretary of State Rex Tillerson described Trump as "a man who's pretty undisciplined, doesn't like to read, doesn't read briefing reports, doesn't like to get into the details of a lot of things." Tillerson has also reportedly referred to the President as "a fucking moron."

But the Moron in Chief has a whole network of butt smoochers at Fox News—the farm club for his major league team in D.C. The most devoted brownnosers ooze their love on Fox & Friends, where Trump found his nominee to replace Nikki Haley as ambassador to the U.N. From the inexhaustible Blond Brigade of right-wing pundettes comes long-time Fox News personality Heather Nauert, billed as a "GOP consultant" or "GOP strategist," even though she has never consulted or strategized for any politician or election in her life.

The nomination was met with incredulous jeers. Senator Chris Murphy said it best: "She has no meaningful experience in the government. She is clearly not qualified for this job, but these days it seems that the most important qualification is that you show up on Donald Trump's TV screen." Even Heather herself couldn't believe it; reportedly she told associates that she was shocked by the nomination and recommended a colleague instead. No, it wasn't just playful humility; she knew she'd be in over her head.

But if Trump can masquerade as a leader, then any farce is now possible in America. As bad as Nikki Haley was, at least she had served as a state legislator and governor. Aside from her talking-head gigs on Fox, Heather's sole qualification is having served as an Under Secretary of State for Public Diplomacy and Public Affairs after the departure of Tillerson, who disrespected her as much as he came to despise Trump.

In that role, Nauert blurted out some incredibly embarrassing and ill-advised remarks. After Trump's ambassador to Germany, Richard Grenell—another former Fox News mouthpiece—openly dissed the current German government and said he wanted to "empower other conservatives" instead, shocking both the Germans and the whole American diplomatic corps, Heather rushed to his defense: All ambassadors have "a right to express their opinion," she told reporters last June. "Regardless of whether or not you all like it, sometimes these things are what

there of the problem of bloom of bloom

HEATHER NAUERT

ambassadors say." No, bimbo, that's what you say as a Fox News blowhard, not as an official diplomat. Martin Schulz, former leader of the German Social Democrat Party, slammed the "unprecedented" faux pas: "If a German ambassador in Washington said, 'I'm here to strengthen the Democratic Party,' he would be thrown out immediately."

In that same press briefing she went from dumb to dumber with this toilet log: "Tomorrow is the anniversary of the D-Day invasion. We obviously have a very long history with the government of Germany, and we have a strong relationship with the government." What the holy fuck?! She thinks the Normandy invasion signifies our eternal brother-hood with German governments, including Hitler and his pack of murderous Nazi scumbags? Hell, does she even know whose side lke, Monty and the Allies were fighting on? You could forgive a braindamaged third-grader for such an clumsy statement, but an official spokesperson of the State Department? Welcome to the USA under Trump, laughingstock of the whole world!

Back in 2017 Trump slashed the American delegation to the U.N. General Assembly by almost half, infuriating even Eliot Cohen, a former State Department official under George W. Bush. "These cuts are needlessly stupid," protested Cohen. "So much of what diplomacy is about is building and maintaining relationships." Delegations devoted to global democracy, human trafficking prevention and remediation of ocean and environment pollution were eliminated entirely. Here's how Nauert defended this stupidity: "In terms of the smaller footprint, there will be some support staff who will not be going this year because we recognize that there is a thing called technology;

there's this thing called email." So the whole rest of the world shows up to deal with these pressing problems that threaten our very survival, but the wealthiest nation on Earth is going to discuss them

by email to save a few pennies! God help us.

Heather the twit's horrible ideas regarding cli-

mate change have already penetrated the administration. Speaking to reporters in November 2017, Nauert offered this turd of an explanation: "There may be people who do not like coal...

coal is a reality whether people like it or not. It's...electricity!" Fast-forward to last December's U.N. climate change conference in Poland, where Trump's stooges actually pitched the

benefits of natural gas and coal, the dirtiest fuel of all, while virtually every other attending del-

egation discussed the urgent need to adopt clean renewable energy. That's like promoting the benefits

of black tar heroin at a drug-abuse conference. Like Nero, Trump and his dumb underlings fiddle while the whole planet is turning into a giant dumpster fire.

In a 2000 interview, Heather offered a clue about her aptitude for handling serious issues: "From the time I was 16, I knew I wanted to do something on TV. [But] reporters are so serious that I have a hard time connecting with them." Which explains why anybody with more than two working brain cells has a hard time connecting with Heather as a serious journalist or diplomat. She's perpetually perky and upbeat, whatever she's covering, like an infomercial hostess overdosing on happy pills. After the brutal murder and dismemberment of Washington Post journalist Jamal Khashoggi by the Saudis, Heather flew to Riyadh to discuss the scandal, only to post on Instagram a photo of herself in front of a Saudi government building, smiling ecstatically, like a teenager on her first vacation abroad.

And that seems to be her real role: putting a chirpy happy face on America's support of bloody foreign interventions, from Saudi Arabia's genocidal campaign in Yemen to the Israeli human rights violations in Gaza. "We regret any loss of civilian life," she repeats ad nauseum in press conferences. But she is never ever regretful enough to challenge the consistently callous policies that cause this death toll. With superhawks Mike Pompeo and John Bolton in charge of foreign policy, Nauert will serve as their reliable sock puppet whitewashing the carnage. She's also sure to monkey-wrench any moves by the dreaded U.N. to condemn these bloody policies or curtail the burning of fossil fuels to arrest climate change.

It could have been slightly worse—Trump could have appointed Ann Coulter or a Dallas Cowboys cheerleader to represent the United States at the U.N. Nobody would be shocked, given the crew of clowns and bobbleheads he's appointed so far. But Heather Nauert is really the perfect public face to represent Trump: another ditzy blond Asshole speaking for the biggest shit on the planet.



NEW WORK PERKS: SELF-LOVE DAYS

It reduces stress, helps you sleep better and improves pelvic muscle tone. The benefits of self-love are many, and one company has wisely decided to capitalize in the name of productivity.

As reported by *Insider*, Swedish sex toy maker LELO has introduced "self-love days" to its employees, who now get an additional four days off a year to enjoy orgasm after orgasm from the comfort of their home and/or IKEA-furnished sex dungeon.

In case you were wondering, yes, there is data to back up this curious correlation. According to the company's own Economy of Orgasms research, 78% of people say they feel "happier and less stressed after having an orgasm," while 65% claim to be "more productive at work the next day."

They did a dry run (ouch) last November in the U.K., with the possibility of a full global rollout to all 600 em-

ployees worldwide. Quote: "Whether it's alone or with a partner, LELO believes that offering employees the chance to take days off dedicated to sexual pleasure will...ultimately improve the productivity of its workforce." Jeff Bezos, are you reading this?

Now, here's where it gets a bit esoteric: LELO claims that regular release could potentially add £90.445 billion to the U.K. economy. Yes, billion. Seems like a stretch, but they maintain this is determined by "analysing the monetary uplift of a sustained 10% increase in productivity per working adult and then calculating the subsequent increase to quarterly GDP figures."

Crunch the numbers all you want, but at the end of the day the real accomplishment here is making people feel happy about going to work. That's the power of O. Corporate America, look into it.

TOM BRADY IS A DILDO?

As routings go, it was about what you'd expect in a matchup between New England and Buffalo: The Pats eviscerated the Bills 25 to 6—to the surprise of no one—but the play of the game went to one Michael Abdallah.

In October, Abdallah, 34, of Oviedo, Florida, was apprehended by the Erie County Sheriff's Office after witnesses and in-stadium surveillance cameras caught him throwing a dildo into the end zone of New Era Field. (Does it count as a safety if the toy was flared at the base to prevent an embarrassing ER visit?)

Some fans posted video of the incident in real time, with such ribald captions as, "Want to see a ref kick a dildo out of the end zone?" The phallus in question was approximately seven inches in length and pink, average in every way except for one critical distinguishing feature: It had Tom Brady's name on it.

This is not the first time that's happened. Almost exactly two years prior—also at New Era Field as the Bills faced off against the Patriots—a dildo, launched from the stands, made it as far as the one-yard line. In a podcast interview, the unnamed 2016 bombadier explained the sequence of events that led to this dubious dedication. "Me and my girlfriend were '70s porn stars for Halloween, and she left a rubber dildo at my buddy's house," he said. "I'm thinking pretty much in my head, *This is Tom Brady's dildo*, so... I wrote in Sharpie 'Tom Brady's dildo' on it."

The four-time Super Bowl MVP took it all in stride, addressing the latest incident with class while also managing to take a well-placed dig against his rival city. "That was very unusual...only in Buffalo. How'd they get that in the stadium?!"

Abdallah was charged with disorderly conduct and creating a hazardous/offensive condition. The Bills, meanwhile,



BITS & PIECES

SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKERS

If you graduated college in the 20th century, guess what: Shit's changed. A lot. Whereas once a handful of condoms and a pamphlet explaining STDs had sufficed, today's students are privy to a veritable buffet of cutting-edge sex education led by the top minds—and bods—in the world.

Last autumn the lucky, lucky, lucky freshmen of Claremont McKenna College—a private, Southern California-based school—were treated to a master class of sorts on BDSM, led by Asian porn phenom Mia Li (aka Mia Little, aka your FAP queen) as part of a campus Sex Week.

Mia is not your average educator. Whether she's getting spit-roasted for Sexually Broken or having her ass stretched open by Ramon Nomar's uncircumcised prosciutto for HardX, this curvy, smiley angel is a true rock star and deserving of tenure at any lvy League institution.

The *Electrosluts* starlet (Kink.com) led participants in a workshop that explored the basics of bondage and submission, while other presentations dealt with issues ranging from "queering safer sex" to "sex after trauma."

And it's by no means an isolated phenomenon—over on the East Coast, the well-heeled, sexpositive pervs at Harvard offer their own Sex Week, now in its eighth year. According to the *Daily Mail*, the 2018 edition kicked off with a "Plenary on Polyamory" and an A-Z guide of sexual fetishes.

You could also sign up for a primer on "BDSM in the Dorm Room" and "Sex Toys 101." What's clear is that people's interest in BDSM and kink is far more common that most think, and that mes-

sage is helping to spark awareness among curious newbies away from home for the first time. In an informal survey of 50 students attending a Harvard fetish class, nearly 22% said "Yes, please" to fetishes while another 40% said they were "intrigued" by the idea.



Students turned off by kink were in the minority at 18%. And when it came to specific fetishes, students leaned decidedly toward power exchange and humiliation. The question is, are they all studying law? Because that would make a whole lot of sense.



"And do you, Michael, promise that you haven't lost your fucking mind?"



SERIOUSLY, TUMBLR?

#FuckTumblr is now trending. The bombshell announcement that the blog platform Tumblr would permanently ban adult content after December 17 hit social media like an atom blast, and it's just the latest salvo in an ugly war to scrub sex from the internet.

In an interview with *The Verge*, the company—owned by Oath Inc., a subsidiary of Verizon—says the ban includes explicit sexual content and nudity, with a few exceptions. The decision came mere days after the app was removed from Apple's iOS App store following a child pornography incident.

According to the article, banned content includes "photos, videos and GIFs of human genitalia, female-presenting nipples, and any media involving sex acts, including illustrations." Exceptions include nude classical statues and political protests that feature nudity, as well as breastfeeding and after-birth photos.

How it works: Algorithms flag and delete any explicit posts. Existing posts with porn content are set to private, which prevents them from being reblogged or shared within the Tumblr community.

As to the aforementioned hashtag, social media has not been silent on the matter. "I'd like my first tweet to be a fuck you to @tumblr. A website where you can show open self harm wounds and show young girls how to starve themselves but nsfw content is what they remove," reads one tweet. Others were far less subtle: "F YOU @tumblr for deleting HARD WORKING ARTIST'S posts because YOU [can't] seem to handle porn bots. But hey RACISTS are still allowed. I'll be logging off and deleting my account soon #RIPTumblr #FuckTumblr."

And yes, it is now easier to search neo-Nazi content on the platform than find an exposed female areola. Let that sink in. In the meantime, users are looking for safe haven in a tumultuous time. HUSTLER favorite Melody Kush (Anniversary Issue, 2016) suggests sex bloggers check out FanCentro: "Apparently there is a 'feed' of sorts, and FC is offering to import Tumblr content to your feed there," she explains via text. So happy hunting, brave porn bloggers! And remember: Resist! With nipples. And hentai.



A-LISTERS OVERSHARE

There was a time when celebrity sex scandals were actually scandals. Remember Hugh Grant and Divine Brown? Ancient history. Ever since Pam Anderson, it's been hard to fucking keep up. Still, celebrity sex overshares provide a welcome distraction from the daily grind. Here are the best admissions, both accidental and intentional, about our favorite entertainers:



She can't stop. It's her party. She can do what she wants to. Pop princess Miley Cyrus quipped to *Paper* magazine that she is "literally open to every single thing that is consenting and doesn't involve an animal and everyone is of age. Everything that's legal, I'm down with." Obviously legality can vary from state to state, but we're pretty sure Miley has her lawyers on speed dial anyway.

Drew's third-act stunner. Encore, encore! According to ex-boyfriend Fabrizio Moretti, going to the opera with Drew Barrymore is definitely a full-throttle experience. In an interview, The Strokes drummer recalled the night out and how he snuck off to the ladies' room with the *Charlie's Angels* star for an impromptu intermission—cut short by security, unfortunately.

Golden boy. Let's take a moment to remember the golden era of 2006, when Ricky Martin confessed to his love for being peed on in the shower. "It's like so sexy, you know, the temperature of your body and the...water is very different." Someone call Bill Nye!

Mama always said... TM!!!! Black-ish star Anthony Anderson knows how to please a woman with his mouth, a skill he credits to...his mom? "My mother taught me how to go downtown. My mama taught me how to eat the cookie," he explained to a visibly befuddled Conan O'Brien. "My father didn't know how to eat pussy, so she said, 'I will be damned if I send my three boys out in the world not knowing how to do that.'" Sex ed just got real.

























STRIPPER CONFIDENTIAL





Stripping is the toughest job
you'll ever love (sorry, Peace Corps).
So say these dedicated dancers—
no filter, no bullshit, in their own
words. Forget the stereotypes,
the punch lines, the assumptions.
It's time to listen to what these
hardworking warriors have to say.
From marriage counseling to
no-mercy nipple torture, strippers
are the heroes we need.
And every hero has a story.

Montreal, Quebec Instagram: @InkedHumanMermaid MONROE Amy the Inked Human Mermaid is a spectacular four-stage firework living her best damn

life in Montreal. She's been stripping for six years now and wouldn't trade her precious day shifts for all the vodka in Russia (well, maybe). Her prime directive: Have fun, and be weird.

tiny micro G-strings for years now. Daytime shift on top of that!

I'm an exhibitionist who loves to play with a person's mind, and showing off my half-naked body to strangers satisfies these twin desires. Daytime stripping is actually really fun if you like talking to people and getting drunk during the day (which I love). It's not rare that I leave work at 7 p.m. tipsy and happy.

Perks of the gig. I always try to have a friend on the same schedule

"I THINK PEOPLE GO TO STRIP CLUBS TO BE ENTERTAINED AND HAVE FUN, NOT JUST TO SEE BOOBS."

The secret life of mermaids. "What do you do for a living?" is a delicate question. If you're an Instagram follower, you'll get the truth. If you're someone in my class, odds are you're going to get a lie. Long story short, I'm a stripper/exotic dancer. I've been showing my ass in as me so we can offer lesbian shows. Convincing people they should spend a bunch of money to see me sit on my friend's face is one of my many talents. One time we decided it would be a great idea to pour a vodka shot in my pussy so she could drink it from inside me. After

> the show, I couldn't walk straight but could still think clearly. It was the weirdest feeling, and I do not recommend it.

> She's a day tripper. Daytime stripping is a little different because you get to have a lot more fun without being judged by 60 other girls on a night shift. I'm the type of person who likes to be weird and different, and working during the day allows me to do that. I love wearing a diamond butt plug onstage and dancing to funny songs like the Ghostbusters theme, a dubstep remix of "The Imperial March" from Star Wars, "Baby Got Back," etc. It makes people smile and laugh, and that is awesome. I think people go to strip clubs to be entertained and have fun, not just to see

boobs. Are you there, vodka? It's me, Amy. There are days where we don't make money because nobody came in. Clients try to do everything they are not allowed to-some tell us we're too fat, put too much makeup on, have too many tattoos... But I still love it. I meet amazing people and get to do weird stuff like walk around the club barefoot so a client can lick my feet clean. I get to laugh and drink more than a lot of people-not too sure if that's a good thing, but vodka makes me happy. All this to say that if you hate or love us, strippers are going to have fun regardless.



GEMMA Bible Belt, Ohio Twitter & Instagram for Alex: & ALEX @MissOhio Schooling new dancers and

couples therapy are all in a day's work for Gemma and Alex. The dancers, friends and coworkers, who hail from Ohio, have seen it all-good, bad and beyond repugnant. They understand that for some stripping is a matter of necessity. But up there onstage, when all eyes are on you and it's raining Benjamins—in that moment the world is yours.

Bringing up baby. Today the manager asked us to train a new hire-we'll call her Jennifer. She's what you call a "baby stripper"-as in, never worked in the industry. In order to effectively train a new dancer, it's helpful to understand her background: Has she worked in the service industry before? Does she have any sales experience? But most importantly, why does she want this job? I hear a variety of answers, but in Jennifer's case she was pushed into dancing by her mother. Surprised? We've heard it before. There are parents who "persuade" their teenage daughters to strip because the family needs money. Our goal with Jennifer is to teach her how to make and manage good money while embracing smart life choices. It's rewarding to watch baby strippers become independent, empowered businesswomen with a sense of pride in their accomplishments.

Warm-up rituals. It's important to start and end a shift with nice customers. First dance is with a typical lonely guy-this is the most common type of customer. You try to make him comfortable by telling him the truth: that we all feel lonely sometimes, even dancers. By the end of your time with him, he feels like the most important man in the room.

The asshole. He flashes his AMEX Black Card and requests a private show in the VIP room. Charming

and civilized at first, the minute we're alone, he shows his true colors by repeatedly pressuring you to give him a blowjob. Not because he wants one; no, he's spending and feels entitled to some head. You count down the minutes until time is up, shake it off and focus on the



strip club together and learn that the wife has suppressed her attraction to women her whole life. A private dance allows her to freely pursue her fantasy. Whether we dance for a husband or a wife, we are here to stoke the fires for when they get home.

"WHETHER WE DANCE FOR A HUSBAND OR A WIFE, WE ARE HERE TO STOKE THE FIRES FOR WHEN THEY GET HOME."

next sale. We've had men try to pin us down and force their way into our thongs. What these men don't understand is that they are trying to buy something that's not for sale.

Saving relationships. We meet a couple who have never been to a

This is a real job. We are routinely discredited when applying for other jobs, loans, mortgages and rental agreements. It's frustrating because this is a legitimate business like any other; yet every night some knowit-all has the nerve to tell us to get a "real job." Well guess what, >> dickhead? This job pays my bills! And while we're on the topic of stereotypes, let's bust a few more: I am not a single mom. I am not financing my boyfriend. I do not do or sell drugs; nor do I know where to get them (so don't ask). Also, I am not a man-hater, and I am not a prostitute.

Least favorite people in the strip club:

1. The asshole who rips dollar bills in half so he can give half to one dancer and half to another dancer. Gee, thanks.

after his spanking because he literally shit his pants—intentionally.

- 5. Pimps who come to the club recruiting girls to be in their stable.
- 6. The VIP host who locked a young dancer in a room with a man who thought he had just paid for sex.
- 7. People who touch us without asking. This includes female customers who assume the rules don't apply to them.
- 8. The jerk-off who didn't want to pay for a dance because I wouldn't

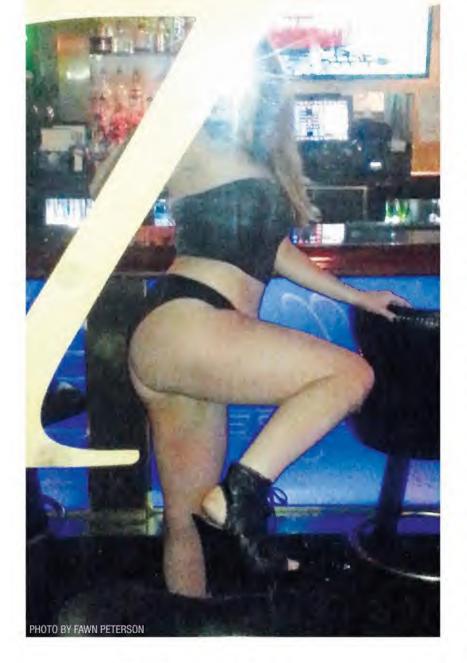
"LEAST FAVORITE PERSON IN THE STRIP CLUB: THE ASSHOLE WHO RIPS DOLLAR BILLS IN HALF SO HE CAN GIVE HALF TO ONE DANCER AND HALF TO ANOTHER DANCER. GEE, THANKS."

- The guy who kept a dildo in his front pocket so the dancers would think he was packing like a porn star. Too bad it began to vibrate during the dance.
- 3. Dancer: "Would you like a dance?" Customer: "No, thank you. I'm a man of God." Later that night, 8x10 photos of Jesus were left on every windshield in the employee parking lot.
- 4. The man who had me role-play as his mommy. I had to end the dance

let him snort cocaine off my breasts.

- 9. The guy who bought three dances from me at the end of the night, only to steal all of my money out of my purse while my back was turned. I didn't realize this had happened until after the fact, and he paid for his three dances with my money! Motherfucker.
- 10. The biggest as shole in the bunch? The racist who pays girls to listen to him call them the N-word. True story!





FAWN Rust Belt, New York
Blog: ThePrivateMag.com
PETERSON Instagram: @ThePrivateMag
Her name is Fawn, and she's the Rust

Belt queen. For years now this former fledgling HUSTLER reporter has earned a reputation across the Northeast as the weirdest, cutest and most annoying (her words) dancer to grace the vanilla-scented lounges and sticky poles of working-class America. Fawn shares her sordid stripper tales for your bemusement and benediction.

Cee you at the after-party. The other night I was loafing around the club, slurping beers stolen from customers' buckets and inhaling vast amounts of secondhand smoke. I went onstage to an empty room—almost empty. He was wearing a powder blue tracksuit and drinking a Heineken. She was across from him, young and pretty. They both had sunglasses on. I was lying across the stage, wishing lightning would strike from the ceiling fan, and there they were, littering the stage with crumpled dollar bills.

"I'm Cee, baby," said Powder Blue in a deep rasp. "And this is Trinity."

After I came down from the stage, I sat with them, and Cee invited me to a private party. "You will definitely make at least \$400," said Trinity. "It's all nice men."

"It's at a private club," he continued. "And all nice men."

So there I was with Trinity, parked behind the gas station, waiting for Cee's Escalade to pull up so we could follow him to the private party. We drove down narrow streets pocked by potholes, behind Cee's swerving Escalade, to our destination. Finally we reached East Lovejoy, aka The Worst Spot in Town, aka Why Are You Even Here? I didn't know the exact nature of this private party, and if I had known it was going to be here, at some brick block called Mr. Z's, maybe I would have thought twice. Maybe.

I parked my car on the curb and turned to Trinity. She looked back at me with perfect, artificially-lashed eyes. "Let's go inside," she said.

The stillness of the night gave way to a raucous uproar. Inside Mr. Z's, an all-black crowd of leather-clad bikers sat in a circle on folding chairs. It was humid and hot, the wooden floor splattered with Milwaukee's Best Ice.

"Nekkid," sputtered one guy. "Get butt nekkid!"

I looked left, then right and was herded into a pantry by Cee, along with a bunch of other already-naked ladies. "Look, Cee," I said as I pushed myself out of the sweaty mob. "I forgot. I told my friend I'd drive her to Planned Parenthood. I'm gonna bail."

"But you're my only white girl," Cee said. My mind was made up. "All right, it's cool, baby." Cee sighed. "Here's some gas money." Cee gave me \$12, and I left. **DJ love.** It's definitely a thing—a lot of dancers develop crushes on the DJ and vice versa. It's like having a confidant at the club. He's got the best stories, that's for sure.

The GFE. The girlfriend experience is definitely more my thing, especially with older guys. If it wasn't for that, I don't think I'd still be in the game. I was never a great

dancer coordination-wise. The actual dancing is only a small part of it, maybe 20%. I think I'm emotionally intelligent and able to get to know somebody, and I genuinely want to. I'm interested in people and their stories—you learn a lot.

Lexi gets a lap dance. Brett, the owner of Broadway Schmo's, came in with a hot rockabilly girl in red lipstick, a little blond pompadour and cool boots. Her name was Lexi. She was like, "I want to tip some strippers!" Conveniently, I was next to dance. Afterward I went back to hang with them, and Lexi started rubbing my arm and smiling at me. She was pretty drunk, but fun.

Lexi bit her lower lip. "How much is a lap dance?" Brett was already rummaging through his wallet; he always bankrolls dances from me for his friends. He forked over a 50, and Lexi and I skipped away to the back room. There we were, splayed across an armchair, Lexi thrusting her pelvis in the air and moaning. It was a passionate moment.

After our songs, we floated back to the bar in a haze. Lexi leaned into me, and we began to make out. Kissing a girl is like kissing yourself; it's kind of cool. But it's also a fine line, real feelings versus imagination and fantasy. I never saw her again.

VALERIE STUNNING

Las Vegas, Nevada Instagram: @ValerieStunning, @ParadiseCityCreamery ValerieStunning.com

Blogger, proud pussy magician, dessert diva—these are the many flavors of Valerie Stunning, a Vegas-based stripper and plant-based ice cream entrepreneur whose business acumen and perfect playground of a body are the ultimate double threat. In Valerie's world of high heels and thick, creamy assets, one universal rule applies.



"I INTERMITTENTLY TWIST THE FUCK OUT OF HIS NIPPLES WHILE LISTENING TO HIS COKED-OUT MEDITATIONS ON LIFE, THEN MAKE HIM DEEP-THROAT MY FIST."



The gospel according to Valerie. It only takes one is the universal mantra of the Stripperverse. It motivates us stiletto-clad, ass-shaking, sugar-scented queens through those inevitably abysmal nights.

I'm talking about the kind of night when I'm walking around in circles for hours on end, only to receive more exasperated looks and sighs of solidarity from equally frustrated coworkers than dollars from the amateur postgrads and shit-faced locals sitting at the rail during my stage shows. The kind of night that suggests the club ran a promotion for only the most entitled, offensive, broke-ass pricks around. And I swear I've talked to all of them. Twice.

Until it's an hour to closing. Just as I'm about to cut my losses and put on my soft pants...I meet the *one*. Bright-eyed, bushytailed and eager to participate, this *one* came to play. And by *play*, I mean he's a bratty sub who likes getting topped by tall, tattooed blondes.

Bingo.

Ninety seconds and a shot of Don Julio later I've traded the thought of soft pants for my majestic party slut hat (because let's be real, that commercial-grade freezer for my bougie ice cream business isn't going to buy itself!). I intermittently twist the fuck out of his nipples while listening to his coked-out meditations on life, then make him deep-throat my fist.

Skip ahead one hour, and I'm home, grateful to have left with more than I went in with. After devouring some leftovers while standing up in my kitchen, at what feels a lot like 5 a.m., I pass out in the middle of counting my money.























SOPHIE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: New York, New York | HEIGHT: 5-6 | MEASUREMENTS: 33B-25-35 FAVORITE POSITION: 69 | TWITTER: @SophieSparksXXX | INSTAGRAM: @SophieSparksX





DOING THE First of all, do porn stars actually watch adult movies? My research **DIRTY DEED** shows that, with few exceptions, the answer is a resounding yes.

Before I started in the adult industry, I never really watched porn, I was raised in a very religious household, so I grew up thinking porn was dirty and a sin. Boy, was I wrong! My first experience viewing smut was with a boyfriend. He would have it on in the background as he fumbled to undo my bra. Ah, memories. I don't remember the company or stars in it. All I remember is a coven of witches eating each other out on a cheaply constructed altar. Once I was exposed to porn, it became less daunting and scary. I realized it's a form of entertainment and can definitely enhance your sexual experience whether alone or with a partner. Then, when I began shooting adult myself, I started seeing it in a brand-new light. I was finally able to let go and truly enjoy smut. But what about my fellow performers? In answer to my first question, "Do you watch porn?" here's what they had to say ...

Mila Von Mayhem answered with an enthusiastic "Fuck, yes, I do!" Pepper Hart insisted she "watches it every day," while Daya Foxx stated her viewing habits are intermittent: "I watch porn every now and then. More so when I'm with a guy." Velma Voodoo has made it a part of her evening routine: "Yes! Usually every other night. I like reading erotica too. Helps me sleep." But Nicole Aniston enjoys her smut a little differently: "I'm an audiophile, so I'm attracted to certain pitches and tones." Kira Noir doesn't watch videos; instead she enjoys "reading Literotica stories or listening to clips on Reddit's GoneWildAudio, which is kind of like erotic ASMR [autonomous sensory meridian response] stories." And Brock Doom simply deadpanned,

I HEARD Okay, so we've established that a majority of XXX stars (at least the ones I know) YOU LIKE do in fact watch fuck films. But there are so many genres—some might argue too TO WATCH many—lesbian, MILF, anal, orgy, foot fetish and even clowns, to name a few.

Out of the myriad of potential categories to choose from, what scenes get the people who shoot them off? For me, I realized I enjoy watching anal scenes and gangbangs. I truly appreciate and actively seek out new and classic anal scenes because I personally enjoy shooting them. I still remember the first anal scene I shot, and now, each time I watch a butt sex scene, I'm whisked back to that day on set and reminisce about having such a monumental "first" captured for others to enjoy. The visual aspect of anal is another reason it turns me on. There is something so hot about seeing a tiny pink butthole swallow up a giant cock. It truly is poetry in motion. I watch gangbang scenes for a totally different reason. I've never shot one before and have such an immense amount of respect for the performers who push their bodies to those limits. It makes me jealous in a way, I wish I had the skills, talent, confidence and mental fortitude to shoot such a stimulating type of scene. Also, the more cocks, the merrier, right? My tastes have definitely changed the longer I've been an active performer. They started with just lesbian scenes, when I first began filming, since I was shooting only scenes with other women at the time. I slowly graduated to watching boy-girl, and now I'm into all the nasty hardcore. I've come such a long way, and I can't wait to see where my tastes go next and what my fantasies evolve into.

The variety of scenes my fellow performers watch is as diverse as they are, but there are one or two common threads: Saya Song says, Mayhem's list of faves includes, "lezdom with spankings and strap-





ons, hardcore bondage, gangbangs and scenes with kinky, taboo storylines." Brock Doom enjoys "amateur couples and new performers" but goes on to say he "loves parodies a lot" as well. Dava Foxx confesses. "I always watch girl-girl, because duh!" She loves the ladies and usually sticks to her own genre, which is MILF, but explains that her taste has definitely changed since performing. Now she is into "rough stuff, like gangbangs, my favorite."

BUT DO So what about watching your own smut on-YOU screen? It may sound vain, but there are a ton WATCH of benefits I've found to watching my own YOUR- scenes. When I started, it wasn't even for sex-**SELF?** ual gratification. I would view the movies to cri-

tique myself: How was my performance? Did my body look good? What positions should I work on? It's the equivalent of a football player watching their game play footage after the big game. As a performer, I always feel like I can improve. At first, watching was truly an "out of body" experience. The woman I was seeing onscreen didn't even register as myself. I'd never looked at myself in a sexual way before, and I was taken aback at seeing me in such a visceral and carnal light.

Critiquing seems to be the top reason for my fuck buddies to watch themselves as well. Edyn Blair says it helps to "evaluate my performance and chemistry with a performer and to see how the director films and the film was edited." She goes on to say she pays attention to the director's style so she "can have a better idea of what they are looking for should they book me for another scene." Mila Von Mayhem is a relatively new performer and reviews her scenes "to improve from them." whereas Velma Voodoo only watches "during editing. I find it hard to separate myself from the fantasy, and I wind up hyper-critiquing my form. Once my play partner wanted to watch my scene while we had sex. It was like an echo chamber of my moans!" Kira Noir had this to say: "I watch the trailers for my scenes, but I feel weird watching my own scenes fully." But Brock claims enthusiastically that watching himself is his "favorite thing."

HEY, I An unforeseen aspect of performers watching adult movies is the inevitable reality that they are going to **KNOW** come across scenes with their friends in them. At first it was a bizarre feeling for me to watch someone **ERI** be penetrated that I've gone out to brunch with. By getting to know the person behind the persona it can cloud the fantasy and makes you view them in a different light. Back when I started, I was extremely embarrassed when my fellow performers would mention to me they liked a certain scene I was in or that they masturbated to me. I felt an overwhelming sense of pressure and

self-consciousness. A professional "sex haver" is watching my scenes. What if they're judging me? What if they think the scene is boring? Then I realized, it's actually the biggest compliment ever. Having someone who is so good at sex that they are paid for it choose to watch my scenes is extremely flattering.

How do other XXX performers feel about watching their friends in scenes? Velma expounded, "First off, I watch a lot of porn. So a few times, when I was introduced to my scene partners, I recognized them and got quite giddy and excited. It made for a great scene! It doesn't feel awkward at all to see my peers' work, like it does to see my own. But I think the same goes for seeing someone's painting and only loving it, whereas the artist could pull out a hundred reasons it's not 'their best work.""

WHERE I feel there is a whole mystery surrounding the world of pornography, the sets and what goes on when the cameras aren't rolling. Once you've been in the MAGIC GO? industry, that mystery and magic is unveiled, and you see the reality. Being in

adult hasn't ruined watching porn for me, but it's definitely made me view it differently. Sometimes it can be less sexy. If it's by a certain director, I know the talent was on set for probably 12 or more hours; I know certain performers have a reputation for being difficult to work with; but I also know which performers enjoy their job and are happy to be there. Insider knowledge can ruin or enhance your viewing experience. I use that information to help pick which scenes I know I'll enjoy watching, starring performers I know will provide me with the most satisfaction.

Kira Noir reveals that "Knowing from firsthand experience how difficult it can be to deep-throat someone huge or do double anal makes me appreciate certain types of porn more. I still like it, just in a different way now." Velma avers, "Becoming a porn performer has only shown me how magical it can really be. Making public appearances at Exxxotica and AVN have been more than a dream come true. The lights of Vegas and the sunsets in L.A. are things I was too afraid to venture out to before I had a reason to travel. This industry is magic, and I'm so glad I found it." Though she does admit that now "It's easier to tell when the performers are just acting and not truly enjoying the sex." Brock Doom is one man who loves his job and insists that "The mystique isn't gone" now that he's performing. "If anything, it's enhanced my appreciation for it. It's wild!"

So you see, pornography is for every consenting adult looking to spice things up in the bedroom and enhance their orgasm and sexual experience. Adult actors and actresses are not immune to the appeal, charm and pleasure erotica provides. At the end of the day, we're all human and have needs. Porn stars are no different.

Now go jerk off!

Join her hundreds of thousands of fans by following the amazing Missy Martinez on Twitter @MissyXMartinez and on Instagram @ItsMissy-Martinez.





"This morning's top story—last night my ex-wife got shiffaced and gave me a rimjob.









































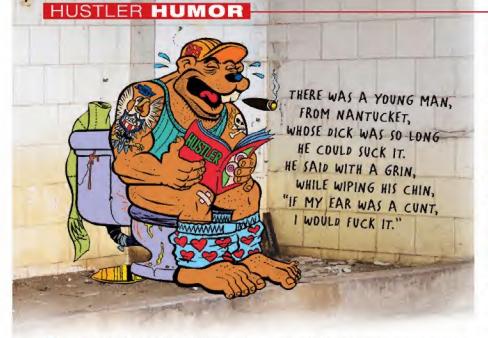












TWO men in their 40s, Michael and Rudy, croaked and found themselves together at the gates of heaven. "How did you get here?" Michael asked.

"Hypothermia," Rudy told him. "What happened to you?"

"Long story," Michael said. "I was sure my wife was screwing around on me, so I came home early from work one day and accused her of being unfaithful. Hoping to find her lover, I began frantically searching the house. I got so upset at not finding the asshole, I had a massive coronary and died."

"Geez, pal," Rudy sighed. "If you had just started by checking the walk-in freezer, we'd both still be alive!"

Question: What is the minimum sentence for bigamy?

Answer: Two mothers-in-law.

An old farmer dropped his truck off at the mechanic for a tune-up. Told it would take a few hours, he decided to walk home. On the way he bought a bucket and a gallon of paint at the hardware store. The farmer stopped at the feed store next and picked up two live chickens and a goose. When he got outside, he wondered how to carry all of his purchases.

While the farmer was scratching his head, a little old lady approached and said, "I'm lost, mister. Can you tell me how to get to Elm Street?"

"My place is near that street," the farmer replied. "I'd walk you there, but I can't carry all this stuff."

The old lady cackled, "Put the can of paint in the bucket. Carry the bucket with

one hand, put a chicken under each arm and carry the goose in your other hand."

"Thanks," the farmer said, and off they went. On the way he suggested, "Let's take a shortcut through that alley."

The petite woman looked at him warily and murmured, "I'm a widow without a husband to defend me. How do I know you won't hold me up against a wall in that alley, pull up my skirt and have your way with me?"

"Holy smokes!" the farmer bellowed. "I'm carrying a bucket, a gallon of paint, two chickens and a goose. How the hell could I possibly hold you up against a wall and have my way with you?!"

The biddy smiled and answered, "Set the goose down, cover it with the bucket, put the paint on top of the bucket, and I'll hold the chickens." An archbishop asked a young priest, "Have you ever entertained lewd thoughts?"

The priest confessed, "No, Your Excellency. They usually entertain me."

Question: Why don't Baptists make love standing up?

Answer: They're afraid it might lead to dancing.

A few days before her wedding, Sue confided to her best friend that she was not, as her fiancé believed, a virgin. "What should I do?" Sue asked.

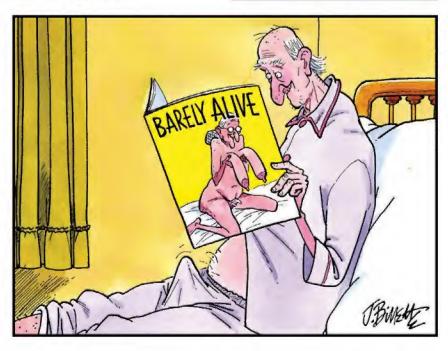
"No problem," her friend said. "Buy a piece of raw liver and shove it up inside you. It'll make your pussy nice and tight, and he'll never know the difference."

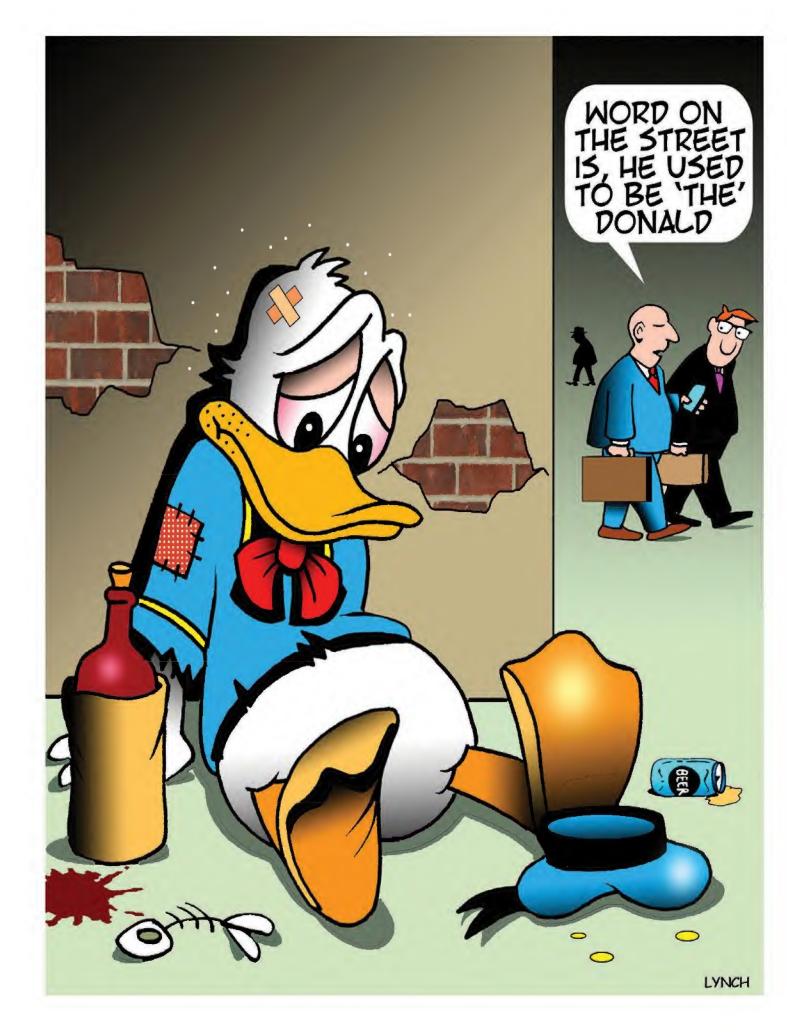
Sue followed this advice. On the couple's wedding night she and the groom had sex with tremendous energy on the bed, on the floor, in the bathtub and under a table. Sue fell asleep blissfully. But when she woke up, she was devastated to find a note on the pillow next to her:

Dear Sue, last night was pure heaven. Unfortunately, since we will never be able to repeat that performance, I'm leaving you forever. With love and sadness, Bob.

P.S. Your pussy is in the sink.

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JOHN C. MCGINLEY: CRUSHING IT

John C. McGinley gets serious in six—count them, six—Oliver Stone films and numerous Broadway shows. But mostly McGinley is known for his wisecracking comic characters, the everyman types whose bemused looks and raised eyebrows mask what seems to be an underlying current of gleeful menace. He was the consultant Bob Slydell in the cult classic *Office Space*; cheerfully emasculated his protégé J.D. for ten years as Dr. Perry Cox on *Scrubs*; and today fights witches as the charmingly crotchety ex-sheriff in IFC's *Stan Against Evil*. John C. rang up HUSTLER recently to detail his utmost respect for writers, tell us exactly how high he's willing to fly when Oliver Stone says "Jump" and enlighten us on the inner workings of the Malibu Mob.

INTERVIEW BY T.S. FARLEY

USTLER: I follow you on Twitter, where you describe yourself as being part of the Malibu Mob. What the hell is that?

JOHN C. McGINLEY: The Malibu Mob is a circle of friends, a bunch of guys who trained together and ate together. Our friend Don

Wildman, who just passed, was the don of the Malibu Mob. It's me, Johnny Cusack, Chris Chelios, Laird Hamilton and Johnny McEnroe. It's a bunch of us who, for the last 20 or 30 years, pretty much ate, drank and hung out together.

That is some combination of people—actors, hockey player, surfer and tennis pro. It's not a bunch you'd put together in your head.

Yeah, I know. That's not lost on any of us.

In regard to the famous surfer Hamilton, you describe yourself as a Laird disciple?

Yeah, I go to Laird's house every single morning when they're not in Kauai, or even when they are in Kauai, but especially when Laird's here. We pooltrain on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, lifting weights underwater in kind of a protocol that Laird invented. Then on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, we lift. Laird's a magnet for these different, intense physical fitness people. For some reason they kind of beat a retreat to Laird's house, and we're exposed to an array of influences from physical fitness people from around the planet that you wouldn't otherwise even hear of. And so we're very lucky to be in that group.

I understand why some of those pro athletes might work out so hard, but why do you?

It's just always been this way.

I do remember you being absolutely ripped on Scrubs.

I trained pretty hard.

But for all your efforts, you still describe yourself as "a humbled golfer"? Yeah, I'm an 11 handicap. They call it being a single-digit midget when your handicap is one through nine, but I can't get there, man. I cannot get there.

So another Malibu Mob question: Is John McEnroe nuts? Are you kidding me? No, no, no, no.

But I see him even now having fits out there on the senior tour. Johnny is quite calm normally. In fact, Johnny Mac's one of the wisest guys I ever met. He's become one of the greatest color commentators in all of broadcast TV, the stuff he does at Wimbledon and the stuff he does out in Flushing, at the US Open, I mean.



John has quietly become the best color man in sports, and that's not an act. That's really him.

But what's he doing still getting so mad at his age?

He's competitive! We're all ridiculously competitive. Everyone in the Malibu Mob shares that in common, for sure.

Is there something you all do now to compete against each other? You're probably not playing tennis against McEnroe

Cornhole?

Yeah, cornhole, that seems to be the game du jour.

You were on American Gladiators once?

I sure was. I came in second to Dean Cain, but I beat an NFL player, a

guy who played for the Jets, Mike Adamle. You got ten grand for coming in second, and at the time, I tell ya, I needed the ten grand, baby!

It's cool that you beat a former NFL player, but it was a Jet, right? [Laughs.] | know, | know...

I just say that as a Patriots fan.

But I'm a New York Giants fan, and we kicked your ass in the last two Super Bowls.

Oh, Christ, moving on... Of all your roles, would you say Dr. Perry Cox on Scrubs was the biggest?

I don't know, because of demographics, but I guess that TV's such a beast, so sure.

For the duration of *Scrubs*, your Dr. Cox character kept trying to emasculate Zach Braff's J.D. by calling him random women's names. Did I hear that's something you do in real life with your friends?

Not really. We did used to do it to Johnny Cusack all the time. When he was acting like an entitled queen, we'd kinda take the piss out of him and ring him up and call him different girls' names, which seemed to equalize things a little bit.

That's funny to think about. But is it something you could still do today, on TV or in real life?

No, no, no, no, no, no, no!

Okay, I'll put you down as "undecided" for that answer.

No, no, no. That was 15 years ago, man.

But do you really think it's not cool to tease your friend John Cusack by calling him Sally or something today, or are you just kowtowing to the times?

I'm down with the whole #MeToo. I love

the #MeToo movement, and I have two daughters, so the more empowered women can be, the happier I am. I love what's happening. And I think if somebody finds that offensive, then it's not okay. I'm fine to be nimble enough to respect other people's feelings.



or surfing against Laird, so on what front does your Malibu Mob battle?

Yeah, what's the bean bag thing, where you throw it? That's the thing we seem to be doing now.

Tell me about the beloved movie Office Space.

The most interesting thing about *Office Space* was the genius at the studio who marketed it. The original poster—this is back when posters mattered in the newspaper—the original poster was a guy covered in yellow Post-its. And if you cover a human being in yellow Post-its, they look like Big Bird, so nobody went to see the movie. It tanked. Then somehow it found a life when VCRs and all that crap was starting to explode, VHS and DVDs, but it was a dog with fleas in the movie theaters, and it was a source of profound disappointment.

Wow, I didn't know that, because like almost everyone, I love that movie and watch it all the time.

Yeah, but you didn't see it in the movie theater, did ya?

I did not. You are correct.

And neither did anyone else!

You were also on Burn Notice?

Yeah, I did a great arc on *Burn Notice*, like five or six episodes. I was down there with those guys in Coconut Grove, right next to Miami, and that was just a great, great gig.

You literally sat for a year waiting to go on for Turturro. One year.

Every night you got ready, but the call never came?

And how was the whole Platoon experience?

There's a phenomenal documentary that came out in November called *Brothers in Arms*, which one of the actors in the film, Paul Sanchez, produced and directed. It's all the actors involved, a "making of," and it's everybody giving their memories of what it was like to a) be cast in the film, b) ship off to the Philippines to do it, and c) shoot the movie. And it was quite overwhelming for everybody.

But your *Platoon* character wasn't the normal John C. McGinley role, right? No wisecracking.

No, it was based on a guy Oliver served with over in Vietnam. Oliver did two tours as an infantryman. We had that two-and-a-half- to three-week boot camp, and that's the guy that Oliver wanted to represent, and I was trying to hew to Oliver's leadership on that.

That was your first of many Oliver Stone films?

"WHEN A WRITER IS EXPLORING DAMAGES, IF A WRITER'S REALLY EXPLORE THAT STUFF AND MAKE IT VIBRATE ON THE

Was Bruce Campbell on the show then?

Yeah! Bruce is my guy. What, are you kidding me? The best.

I don't know if you know it, but we did an interview with him not too long ago.

Yeah, one of the reasons I decided to do this piece was I read the one you did on Bruce, and I thought it was really well done, so I agreed to do this.

Thanks! That means a lot. So was 1986's *Platoon* your big break?

Yeah, one hundred percent. I was doing a play in New York called Danny and the Deep Blue Sea, written by John Patrick Shanley, before Shanley goes on to win an Academy Award for Moonstruck. I was an understudy, and I was the assistant stage manager at Circle in the Square Theatre, downtown on Bleecker Street, and I was covering John Turturro. But John Turturro was like Lou Gehrig-he just didn't go down. Finally John got a film we all wanted to be in, Desperately Seeking Susan, and about a year into the run John went to do a week or two on Desperately Seeking Susan, and I finally got to go up. Somebody. an assistant to an assistant casting person from Oliver Stone's Platoon, came down to see John, but they saw me instead. This is 1984, and they invited me to go see Oliver. I got in the first incarnation of the film. I got third guy on the left, [Tom] Berenger's radio operator, but then the film went belly up. There was no money, and two years later Oliver called and said, "Do you want to play the fourth lead? Do you want to play Sergeant O'Neill?" And so that all started from covering John Turturro in Danny and the Deep Blue Sea.

Six. I've been in six of them. I did *Platoon, Wall Street, Talk Radio, Nixon, Born on the Fourth* and *Any Given Sunday.*

So now you're an Oliver Stone guy, just waiting for the next call? I mean, Oliver calls and I jump. That's the way it is. It's not like we go out and have dinner together, but when he calls, I jump. It's a privilege. Nobody else puts you in six movies—there's no such thing. And so when Oliver says jump, I say how high, and I'm okay with it.

You just mentioned hewing to Oliver's leadership, but I also read that as an actor you hew to the lines. You say the words on the page and don't try to change them, improve them.

One hundred percent.

But don't other actors want to change things, edit them, add their input? What's the difference between you and them?

They're full of shit, and I'm not.

You believe in the writers?

Yeah, I do. And if you don't, don't act. Do something else.

You said being in *Glengarry Glen Ross* on Broadway was the best time of your life?

It was the greatest experience of my life by far.

How come?

Because it was the hardest thing I've ever done, and I crushed it. Those two things are not always hand in glove.

What was so hard about it?

It was a high-intensity show, and playing up at that level, with Al Pacino and Bobby Cannavale, all those guys—I mean, those are all-stars, man. I wanted to run with the all-stars, and I damn sure did.

It's gotta be a good feeling to have a challenge and then meet that challenge.

I didn't meet the challenge. I crushed it.

You also said that *Glengarry Glen Ross* might be the greatest thing written for men in our lifetime?

To my taste, it's the greatest male-oriented play in our lifetime. I do see they're gonna do a female version of it next year, which will be completely fascinating, and I will go see it.

Remind me who wrote that play.

A guy named David Mamet. Come on, man!

I knew that; I knew that. Tell me about your new movie, Benched.

stud—we met, and I thought he was stunning. I thought what he wrote really had a chance to elevate, but I just wanted a couple of different assurances, and Dana gave me those. He was good to his word, and so I'm in, man. I love me some Dana, and I love me some Stan.

What assurances did you need?

It was what I did see initially that wasn't being excavated or exploited enough. Dana wrote this really damaged, really injured guy, and I told him, "This is all borne out of what you did. The catalyst for this was you, and we gotta delve into this guy Stan's loss. This is a damaged guy, and we gotta dig in there." And good to his word, that's what we've done for three years now. And when we go to Comic-Con, that's the stuff that resonates with people. You know, they like the monsters, they like the jokes, but they like that Stan is a really damaged guy and he's wrestling with loss. The archetype is Archie Bunker and Carroll O'Connor, and Archie and Stan are both equal opportunity insulters, but people are gonna change the channel unless you give them something to root for. Those are both damaged guys, and the viewer needs to see if they can reconcile those damages.

We talked about Bruce Campbell before, but how is Stan Against Evil similar to or different from Ash vs Evil Dead?

WORTH HIS SALT, THAT WRITER IS GONNA BE ABLE TO PAGE, AND THEN ACTORS CAN TAKE THAT AND ELEVATE IT."

It was in movie theaters for about a week or two, which is what happens now with independents, and then it goes to Video on Demand. It's fantastic, fantastic. It's a hard pitch, because it's somewhere between *Glengarry* and *Bad News Bears*, so it's not really a kids movie, but it's hard to make adults watch a movie that has Little League baseball in it. That's a tricky pitch, but goddamn, it's great!

Your character in *Benched* is very much the smart-ass John C. McGinley type.

A lot of those choices and eccentricities are on the page, and that's a gift. That play ran in Chicago or Boston, somewhere, for two to three years, so they honed it down to its most aerodynamic version. Then the writer turned it into a screenplay, and it's pretty delicious.

It seems like a lot of your recent stuff is about men and loss or men and emotion, or am I imagining that?

Let me say this: I crave when writers have the spine to go into that, and that's usually the storytelling process I want to be a part of. When a writer is exploring damages, if a writer's worth his salt, that writer is gonna be able to really explore that stuff and make it vibrate on the page, and then actors can take that and elevate it.

Which also seems to be the case with your Stan in Stan Against Evil. Season 3 premiered on Halloween, but tell me how you got involved.

They offered me the role. Dana Gould, the executive producer—who ran the writers' room at *The Simpsons* for ten years, so he's a complete

In tone they're very similar. Look, where horror-comedy lives, there's this broad spectrum. One end is *The Exorcist*, where you cannot drop a joke, and the other end is *Scooby Doo*, where the monsters are full of shit. And so Ash and Stan both live somewhere in the middle there, with the top of the pecking order being *American Werewolf in London*—I mean the one you and I went to growing up, not the remake. And so when Stan Winston made that wolf, we saw his claws, and that stuff was scary as hell. Then you got Griffin Dunne dropping jokes out on the moors with David Naughton, and that was funny as hell. But Griffin's jokes never, ever made the werewolf less frightening. And so that's what Bruce did so geniusly with his show, and that's what we are in fact doing with *Stan*. And that's a super, super hard tone to maintain, because the jokes can cannibalize the threat, and the threat can step on the jokes. You've gotta chart a course in there that's an unbelievably meticulous tone to shepherd, and that's what Dana and I do.

Is there anything you can tell me about Season 3? Guest stars? Plot twists?

The format for *Stan*, we borrow liberally from David Duchovny and *The X-Files*. There's four shows that move to a climax, and four "witch of the week" shows, and it just crushes. The two-part climax is gonna blow the back of people's heads off, I can tell you that.

Catch up on every delicious episode of Stan Against Evil on IFC or your favorite streaming service, and follow the amazing adventures of John C. McGinley on Twitter @JohnCMcGinley.





HARDCORE SHOWGASE

BARELY LEGAL 25 YEAR ANNIVERSARY

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: NATALIE BROOKS, VIOLET RAIN, ARIA LEE, GIA DERZA, RYAN DRILLER, CHARLES DERA, RION KING & JOHNNY SINS.

It's hard to ignore the irony that, at 25 years old, the *Barely Legal* franchise is older than the nubile beauties it's famous for showcasing. *Barely Legal 25 Year Anniversary* gathered

a delectably just-ripe bushel of peaches for its Silver Anniversary celebration. Bright-eyed beauty Gia Derza kicks off the party with her taut, shapely rump. perky tits and thoroughly deceptive innocent looks. Derza begins the scene with a lollipop between her inviting lips, but that candy's soon swapped out for a sperm-shooting suck-stick. Despite her ingenue appearance, the girl definitely knows her way around a cock, pounding her face on her partner's groin girder with the seasoned pizzazz of a trailer park stunner who was born to trade blowjobs for food stamps. Next up is Violet Rain, a doe-eyed brunette with modest chest bumps and a visage not unlike that of Selena Gomez, if Gomez had taken a turn into Porn Valley on her way to Disney's headquarters. Violet's button-mushroom nipples are teased with a hairbrush before she's stripped out of her skirt and drilled doggy-style, panties planted firmly in her mouth. Aria Lee comes off as a bit more mature, like the high school senior who's been held back a year and who the other girls gossip about. Limber and lithe, Lee earns all the locker room talk with this sizzling performance. Barely Legal 25 Year Anniversary will pop your cork for sure. Order today by calling 800-763-8271 ext.7651 or visit HustlerStore.com. —Pico D. Ribibi





HARDCORE SHOWCASE













HARDCORE SHOWCASE

AXEL BRAUN'S BROWN SUGAR 2

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: JENNA FOXX, HONEY GOLD, SEPTEMBER REIGN, MYA MAYS, DAYA KNIGHT, IKE DIEZEL, JUSTIN HUNT, SETH GAMBLE, SMALL HANDS & TOMMY PISTOL.



Race relations in America aren't so great these days, with white nationalists running amok in violent rampages. Luckily Brown Sugar 2 fills the racial gap one blood-swollen thrust at a time and seals the divide with the gooey adhesive of groin glue. Jenna Foxx kicks things off with an erotic zest, a cocoa-skinned temptress with billowing chocolate-milk jugs she tugs and fondles before she's plowed by a honky dong. The dude's cock stands tall and proud as it pierces her pussy with fervent resolve. Foxx moans appreciatively through her plowing until her scenemate humps her tits to dispense a thick, milky load on her neck, the mix of white jizz and brown skin providing a profound visual reminder of the joys of racial unity. Café au lait beauty Honey Gold enjoys a feral rut with a pale-faced peen-slinger who has a tree trunk between his legs. It's a passionate, intimate scene, and Gold brings her characteristic carnal verve to the performance, quivering nonstop while her snapper is filleted by her partner's plus-size pork sword. Alas, all is not bliss in this offering, as with the unfortunate sister whose stomach wrinkles with shar-pei-like furrows as she's drilled. But Brown Sugar 2

is sweet enough to make the most ardent nationalist set down his

tiki torch and take up his skin spear.









HARDCORE THREESOMES VOLUME 2

HARDX. DIRECTOR: MICK BLUE. STARRING: KISSA SINS, KENNA JAMES, ZOEY MON-ROE, KENDRA SPADE, CARMEN CALIENTE, ELENA KOSHKA, PAIGE OWENS, LENA PAUL, MICK BLUE, MARKUS DUPREE & STEVE HOLMES.



If Schoolhouse Rock! taught us anything, it's that three is a magic number. Unfortunately Hardcore Threesomes Volume 2 doesn't quite reach a sustainable level of enchantment, thanks to a couple of aesthetic missteps. The festivities start well enough, with perky-rumped, ample-titted snake charmers Kendra Spade and Zoey Monroe. The pair provide a pleasant contrast—Spade is brunette and tawny-skinned, while Monroe is a sprightly blonde whose skin glows with a passable approximation of wholesomeness. In short order, Monroe's mouth is face-fucked into a foaming maw. Spade and Monroe display an impressive synergy, as Monroe swabs their partner's balls with each thrust as he pounds Spade's furry fuck box. The scene culminates with Spade and Monroe lined up cheek-to-cheek as they're fed sac scuzz, like baby birds gobbling up worms straight from their mama's beak. Things get iffy from there. Kissa Sins and Kenna James are a perfectly serviceable pair of jizz conjurers whose scene is marred by threadbare visual conceits. Sling swimsuits, stripper heels, the wringing of soap suds onto jiggling rear ends-if they really wanted to go retro, why not just fashion the girls' hair into mullets and slap acid-wash jeans on them? Sure, it's just a preamble to the main event, but it's cheesier than the gunk embedded in the foreskin of a hygienically neglected cock. Luckily, the sight of two hot chicks chowing down on each other's crotch pockets is a timeless classic, and Sins' chest glows a gratifying shade of crimson as she's fucked. Still, Hardcore Threesomes Volume 2 could use some fresher tricks up its sleeve. —P.D.R.



HARDCORE SHOWCASE











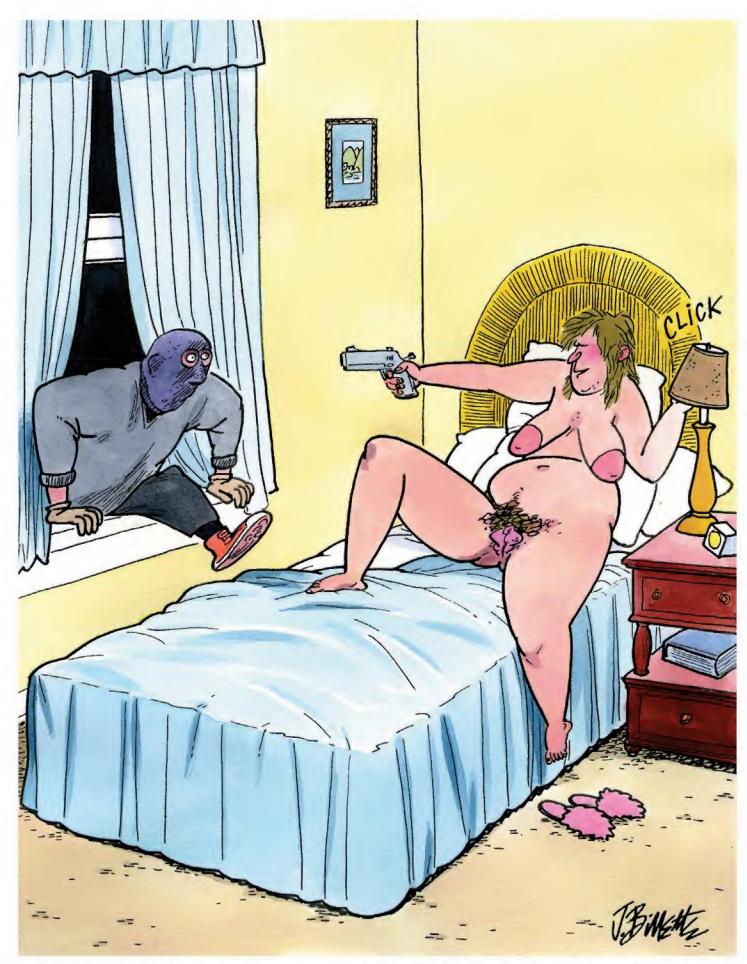










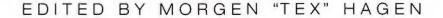


"Freeze! If you're a thief, you're dead. If you're a sexual predator, we'll talk..."



BEAVERHUNT









"I love trying new things," says Tia Kai, 29, from Diamond Bar, California. "Take my occupation. I had day jobs in pharmaceuticals until I took a hiatus to see if the adult biz was a better choice. I might never go back. Getting guys to pop a boner is an awesome way to make a living." Tia describes herself as "sexual, sensual, vibrant, outgoing, positive and hardworking." She's also competitive. "My favorite hobby is gaming," the 5-foot-1 God of War and BioShock whiz tells us. "I enjoy playing an action RPG or shooter at home or meeting up with my local MTG group. You can watch me play games at Twitch.TV/ TiaKaiDotCom." As for amorous play, Tia fesses up, "I love men and women equally. It's the best of both worlds! Guys worshiping my pretty feet is my biggest fetish, and if I need an excuse to masturbate—yes, I'm always horny—my motto is 'If you don't use it, you'll lose it."" Tia is appreciative too: "Thank you, Larry Flynt. I'm honored to have this opportunity to show off my body in HUSTLER. It's an icon of erotica." —*Photos by OGfoto*

BEAVER HUNT









LEXTACY

"I hope your readers like what they see," coos Lextacy, 25, a "dominant, classy and unique" denizen of Mayfield Heights, Ohio. "I love modeling nude, and I prefer doing it in places where I might get caught. Same with sex. I can't wait for winter to take a hike." The 5-foot-4 breath of fresh air is a camping and hiking buff, but her favorite year-round hobby is online camming. "Stripping and playing with myself for strangers is fun," Lextacy raves. Off camera the bodacious babe is much more selfless. "I move mountains for those I care about," she asserts, "and I will do anything to make them smile." Her bedmates always make Lextacy smile ecstatically. "I adore a beautiful woman more than any man," she admits. "I get off on being dominated, anything BDSM and taking turns with a strap-on dildo. With a guy, I like screwing doggy-style, but if he doesn't go down on me first, he probably won't get that far." -Photos by Paradigm Foto Studio











VENUS ABERNATHY

"I'm very ambitious, and I always push myself to the next level," avows Venus Abernathy, 21, a caregiver from Portland, Oregon. "I could express my exhibitionist side by standing naked in front of a tall window, but doing it in HUSTLER is a much greater achievement." The 5-foot-3 Beaver Stater, who fondly recalls her former job at a bird shop—"I got to spend a lot of time around parrots"—now spends many of her free evenings in the kitchen. "I love to bake," Venus explains. "My 'slutty brownies' and blueberry banana bread are to die for!" She's also big on Harry Potter, the whole Marvel Cinematic Universe and music— everything from '90s grunge to cello compositions. It's as a sex goddess that Venus really shines: "I'm as whimsical as I am seductive and passionate. One minute I'm straddling my partner and pushing him into the soft bedding beneath. The next minute he's behind me, my face is in the pillows, and I feel like I belong there." By the way, Venus intermittently offers a "once-in-a-lifetime experience" as a legal courtesan at Love Ranch North in Nevada. "I'm mostly into the basic stuff, but I'm no stranger to vibrators, restraints, canes, floggers and chains. And I've been known to arrange orgies."

——Photos by Lance Kincaid

BEAVER HUNT

"I fantasize about meeting someone in a hotel room with floor-to-ceiling windows. Knowing that people could be watching makes the exhibitionist in me want to get naked and do all sorts of sweaty things as my lover presses me against the cool glass."







ERIN TAYLOR

"After I turned 18, I was so broke and loving sex so much that I wanted to become a porn star," recalls Erin Taylor, 29, from Jacksonville, Florida. "I went down to Miami, did a handful of shoots—never knowing where they'd end up—and then I split to do some soul-searching." To make a long story short, the 5-foot-3 cutie earned a college degree and became a financial analyst's assistant. "I learned all about the stock market," Erin continues, "and made a killing thanks to my boss's tips." Meanwhile her sex drive and audacity never waned, spurring a magazine comeback. "I reckon I'll always be a wild child," Erin notes. "I can let my old fans—all ten of them?—know that I'm alive and well, traveling, reading, fishing and running here and there to keep in shape. I also enjoy watching reality programs because they show me how much better my life is." Sex is a contributing factor. "I'm aggressive, imaginative and mostly straight," Erin elaborates. "I love sucking dick and riding a dude till we come, but I have my best orgasms when I'm fingered while being eaten out!" —Photos by Omnia Productions





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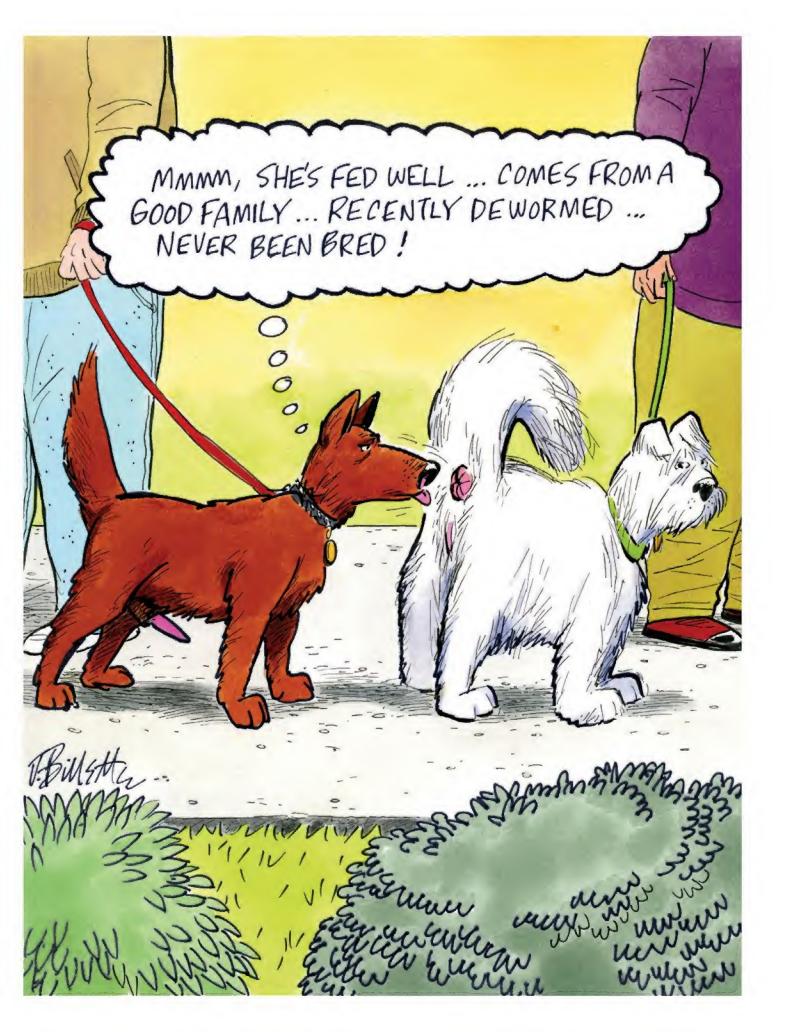
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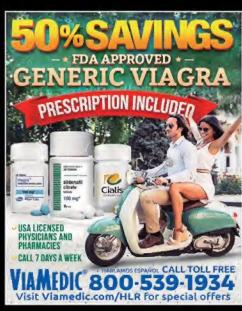


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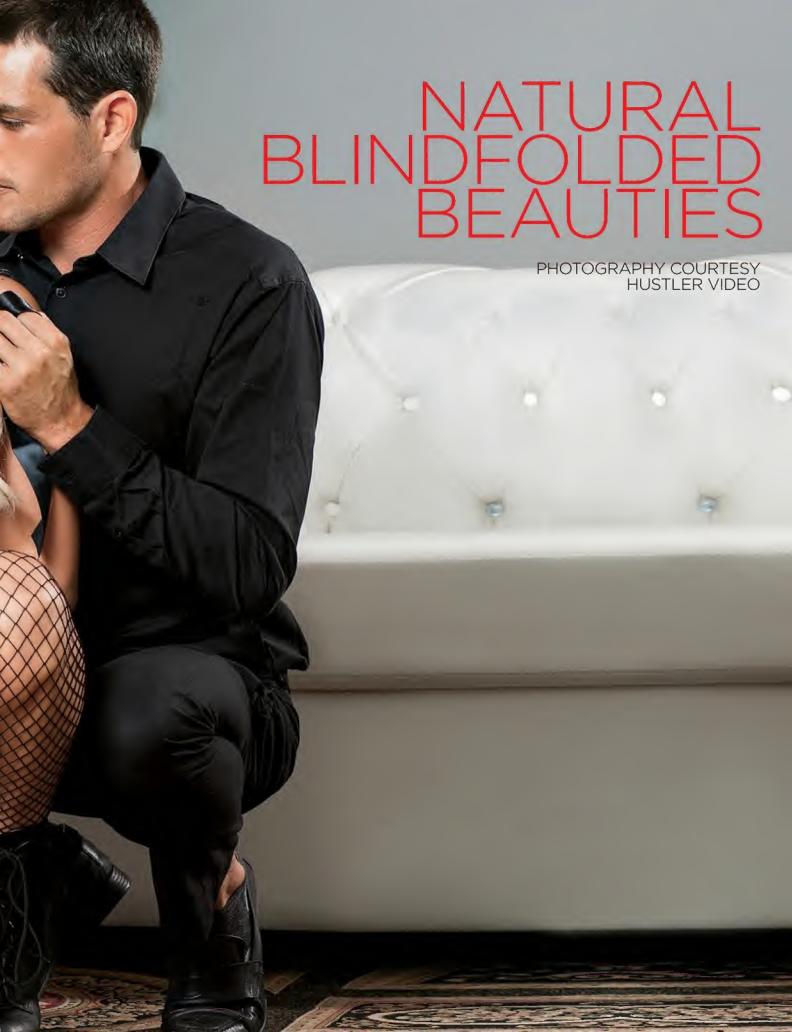
































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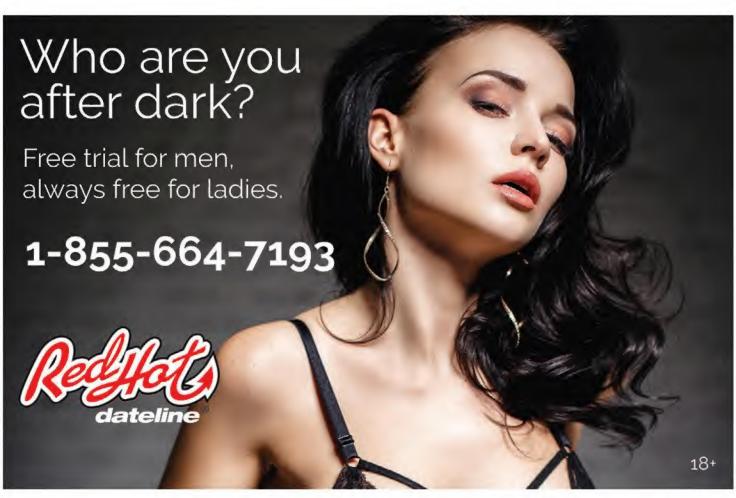
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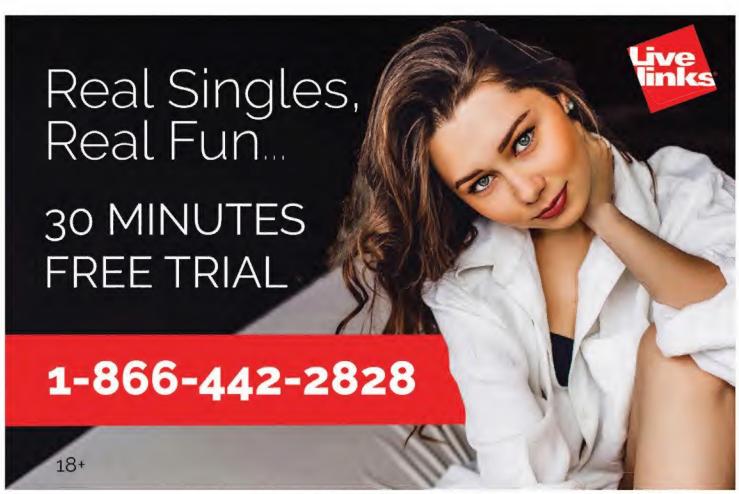




































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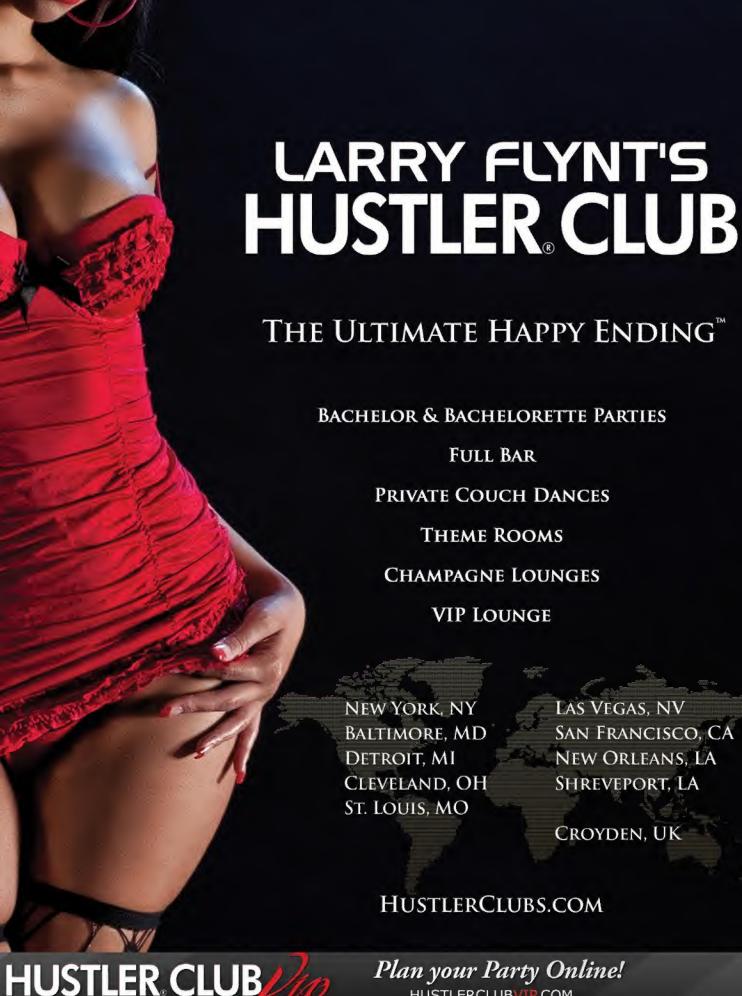












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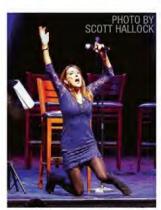


DANI DANIELS

Powerhouse Dani Daniels is an adult superstar, entrepreneur, artist and talk show host! We spend a day on the set of her new Amazon hit, Dinner With Dani, to hear tales about stripping, "sucking all the D" and just how easy it is to shock a shock comic. Interview by T.S. Farley. Photography by Marius Bugge.



Radio host Stephanie Miller is in the vanguard of cutting edge comedy. She is unchained with her acid-dipped quips, on her show and her live Sexy Liberal Blue Wave Tour. In this off-the-chain, candid conversation, Miller discusses politics, pundits and storming the barricades with humor. Interview by Ed Rampell.





BARELY LEGAL BABYSITTERS

Barely legal newcomers Vanna Bardot, Adrian Hush, Vina Sky and Lacy Lennon display the fine art of sloppy ballsand-all blowjobs, followed by full-on facials. Young, yes. But inexperienced? Hell, no. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.





